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MISSISSIPPIAN SCENERY;

A POEM.

MISSISSIPPIAN SCENERY.

Tanner Vallance Kearny & Co del et sc.

CERES shall cheer each solitary plain,
And throw around her fruitful showers of grain;
With peace and plenty flowing from her hand
She strips the forest from the smiling land;
At her approach the scythes and sickles glance,
And through the soil, the clumsy ploughshares dance.

P. R. Bartlett
New York
1838

MISSISSIPPIAN SCENERY;

A POEM,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE INTERIOR

OF

North America.

BY CHARLES MEAD.

With contemplative solitude imprest,
I sing the shady regions of the west.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY S. POTTER AND CO. NO. 55, CHESNUT STREET.
W. Fry, Printer.
1819.

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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

SEAL. BE IT REMEMBERED that on the twenty ninth day of March, in the forty third year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1819, Charles Mead, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit.

"Mississippian Scenery: a Poem, descriptive of the interior of North America. By Charles Mead."

"With contemplative solitude imprest,
I sing the shady regions of the west."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned."—And also to the Act, entitled, "an Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, "an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other Prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

F.A.P 8-28-31

INTRODUCTION.

THE following POEM was chiefly written while exploring some of those extensive regions which border the Mississippi River. A small part of it has already been published in a pamphlet form, and the edition disposed of in the Western Country. Some of the additional matter has likewise been published in detached fragments in various periodical journals; and from the favourable editorial remarks, with which some of those pieces have been accompanied, I have been encouraged to publish the whole work in a volume. The subjects I have introduced are of a most interesting nature; and it remains for an intelligent public to determine, how far I have succeeded in portraying and delineating them with correctness and precision. I have endeavoured to exhibit, even in the fanciful mirror of poetry, some of the most interesting features of our western states and territories; and have ventured a few predictions relative to the population, power, and improvements of our country, when the present inhabitants of the earth shall be reposing in the dust.

Every American who rejoices in the prosperity of his country, must feel his heart dilate with the most

lively emotions, as he contemplates her future destinies. The immense region west of the Mississippi, must, at no distant period, form a very important and interesting portion of our national commonwealth. A few years more, and those western haunts of barbarians will become the abodes of civilized inhabitants. A regular tide of emigration is flowing into the wilderness; we see towns and cities emerging from the forest, and new states like so many stars rising from the western horizon to be embodied in our political constellation. A wide range lies open for the display of enterprise and industry. Here the emigrant may fix his residence, and enjoy the fruits of his own labour; while a government which acknowledges the rights of conscience and the choice of religion to be privileges almost as sacred as the throne of Deity, secures to him the uncontrolled exercise of all the native and inherent rights of man.

A country embracing a variety of climates, and every kind of soil, and yielding almost every production, invites the agriculturist, and offers him various employments. The rising towns and hamlets call for the mechanic; and the mineral and botanical productions of the earth, claim the attention of the scientific researcher of nature's works.

The present improvements and importance of the United States, are greater than could have been anticipated one century ago, by the most enthusiastic of the founders of this new empire. And if our vast resources be managed with wisdom, prudence, and economy, our country will justly claim an exalted

pre-eminence, and the American people will appear more conspicuous than any other in the catalogue of nations. Nothing but political mismanagement, depravity, profligacy, and corruption, can blast the future welfare of this rising republic.

In exploring the western section of the United States, we are presented with numerous rivers, affording a more extensive inland navigation than is to be found in any other part of the world. And the vast tributary streams of the Mississippi, approximating with their sources, the rivers that fall into the Atlantic ocean, and the northern lakes, offer every inducement for national enterprise in works of internal improvements. In the construction of roads and canals from one branch of navigation to another, new ligaments are formed to bind and consolidate the political confederation, and invaluable legacies are prepared for posterity. Notwithstanding the vast extent of navigation in the western country afforded by the Mississippi and its branches, numerous channels for the circulation of wealth and commerce remain to be opened by human enterprise and industry, at some future period.

The volume I now offer to the public, is chiefly the production of my contemplative hours, spent in various seclusions of solitude, where the smiles of nature upon the borders of a wilderness remote from the gay and giddy circles of society, were the principal objects on which my mind could expatiate with delight. And even in those wild retreats, where the eye is not deluded with the vain display of pride and

ostentation, and where the innocent propensities of the heart are not encumbered with the imposing restrictions of fashion etiquette, and false politeness, there is something highly interesting to the contemplative mind. The topographical features of the western country, and what belong to the vegetable kingdom, were objects calculated to enliven the gloom of solitude, and throw additional delights in the way of my poetic pastime. In tracing the scenery of the Mississippi, I have not confined myself to the shores of that river, but have endeavoured to give a general survey of the whole expanse of country watered by its concentrating branches.

The regions through which I have stretched my perambulations seem particularly calculated to elicit reflection and interest the imagination. A wide range for the exercise of curiosity lies open. The numerous monuments of aboriginal antiquity, and what seem to be the relics of the ancient arts and civilization of a people who have totally escaped the retentive grasp of history, present themselves as so many objects floating upon the surface of the dark ocean of oblivion. In looking back through the dim vista of departed ages, towards the early state of things in the western world, the mind is lost in the dark mazes of doubt and uncertainty. A kind of pensive melancholy is all that we can enjoy in reflecting on what might have occurred in former times in those immense regions, which have, from the creation of the world till within a few centuries ago, been unknown to the nations of other continents. But as we

look forward from the national eminence which we have already attained, the prospect before us is highly interesting, and calculated to awaken the most pleasing sensations of national pride and anxiety. A progressive emigration is daily stretching the western limits of our republic into the wilderness, and adding to the sovereignty, new sources of wealth and power. And while arts, science, and literature are diffusing their benign influence over our land, the people of an adjoining continent, animated by the light of reason, emanating from the temple of liberty reared by the revolutionary sages and heroes of our country, are throwing off the trammels of religious bigotry and intolerance, and bursting asunder the long riveted shackles of political oppression, and declaring the rights of man in the irresistible language of truth. Hence we may reasonably infer that America is hastening to more exalted destinies than were ever realized by any preceding nations. And that posterity will witness the chief of what is anticipated in the following POEM, is the belief and desire of

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, 1819.

MISSISSIPPIAN SCENERY.

ARGUMENT.

View of surrounding objects. II. The Mississippi river. III. Future improvements on the Mississippi. IV. The Missouri river, and countries through which it flows. V. Future commercial intercourse between the settlements up the Missouri, and the shores of the Pacific ocean. VI. The Ohio river and its tributary streams. VII. Settlements and improvements in the western states. VIII. Shining mountains. IX. Aboriginal antiquities. X. The mammoth from an Indian tradition. XI. Countries formed by the sediment of the Mississippi river. XII. Future roads and canals. XIII. The sylvan expanse. XIV. Perambulations in West Florida—Notice of Florida and Alabama. XV. The high lands bordering the Mississippi. XVI. Notice of the hot springs in Louisiana. XVII. The American Indians. XVIII. Slavery in the southern states. XIX. Occasional remarks. XX. First European settlements on the banks of the Mississippi—Extermination of a small French colony by the Indians. XXI. Pleasures of Solitude. XXII. Conclusion.

MISSISSIPPIAN SCENERY:

A POEM.

UPON the margin of the chief of Floods,
Through wide expansions of a world of Woods,
In pensive solitude I lonely stray,
Where sylvan shades imbrown the face of day;
Where rosy plains in wild luxuriance lie,
And wat'ry glades reflect the azure sky:
Where fresh from Nature's hand earth's verdure smiles,
And gives enchantment to the western wilds.
In joyous flights my wand'ring view expands,
O'er all those scenes of Mississippian lands.

Though here no grand stupendous works of art,
A scene of proud magnificence impart;

Yet other objects fairer charms display,
And cheer my steps in each bewild'ring way.
Columbia's bosom drest in richest flowers,
Spontaneous verdure and its native bow'rs,
Invites my muse to carol from the glades,
Those western realms of wilderness and shades;
Where ancient forests, groves and blooming vales,
Breathe their fresh fragrance to the fleeting gales.

Along the margin of a mazy stream,
Unknown, remote, unenvy'd and unseen;
With contemplative solitude imprest,
I trace the blooming landscapes of the West;
And see the smiles of Deity display'd,
In all those mingling scenes of light and shade,
As much as where the crowded streets resound
With rolling chariots and the church bells sound.

II.

From the drear North where snowy mountains lie,
And boreal gales breathe forth the chilling sigh;
To tropic climes, where tepid breezes blow,
And verdure blooms in Spring's eternal glow,

Proud Mississippi rolls a winding way,
From clime to clime to mingle with the sea,
Through fenny worlds, wide plains, and lonely woods,
The chief and sov'reign of unnumber'd floods. (1)

Superior regions yonder stream divides,
Than where descend the Amazonian tides.
In lands remote, the swelling torrents rise,
From lakes and pools beneath the northern skies,
Where o'er the hills and vales drear winter throws
His icy fetters, and his fleecy snows;
And chains the floods, till Spring returning smiles,
And breathes benignly o'er the western wilds;
When warmer gales dissolve the frozen stores,
To swell a deluge o'er the southern shores.

Converging streams, from distant sources hurl'd,
United roll o'er half the western world.
Swift and ungovern'd flows the yearly tide,
Indignant at the shore on either side;
Grove-crested hills from their foundations driv'n,
To lonely vales and wat'ry plains are giv'n;

(1) Note first; see Appendix.

The cumb'rous trees the tempest shook in vain,
Are headlong drifted to the swelling main;
Ocean receives those products of the West,
And floats the graceless tributes on his breast. (2)

Thou chief of streams, what grand displays are thine!
What lovely prospects from thy margins shine!
In thy meand'ring mazy courses smile
Ten thousand charms from ev'ry sylvan Isle.
Of greater length than Plata or the Nile,
Is yonder river, and as rich the soil
Upon its shores, as where the Nile expands,
Through Ethiopian, or Egyptian lands.
Its shady banks, at present wild and rude,
Appear design'd for pensive solitude.

III.

Through the wide prospect of succeeding years,
A glowing scene to Fancy's view appears.
As o'er those willowy banks I lonely stray,
I view improvements in a future day; (3)
When marts shall rise where gloomy forests stand,
And spars and streamers shade the crowded strand;

When trees shall bend to architectural forms,
And lift the glitt'ring spires above the storms;
When those huge banks of barren clay shall smile,
In walls of brick,—in glitt'ring roofs of tile.

Dykes and canals shall cheer the wat'ry glades,
And fields of corn rise from the cypress shades.
Then shall green bow'rs th' unfolding foliage rear,
Nor vainly spend their fragrance in the air:
But maids as fair as Mississippian flow'rs,
In rural walks shall spend their social hours;
Regale on nature's lawns, and make the grove
Exhibit scenes of friendship, joy and love.

The rich plantations shall their smiles display,
And savage tribes no more pursue their prey;
Barbarian yells no more occasion fear,
But softer sounds delight the listening ear.
Enamour'd swains shall charm the village maids,
With plaintive songs and evening serenades.

Where now the sylvan deserts wide expand,
And spread a gloomy grandeur o'er the land;

Where wild and huge amphibious monsters prowl,
And bears and wolves and screaming panthers stroll;
Beyond some years, not far remote the day,
Children in crowds shall innocently play
Along the streets, and o'er the village green
Their balls rebound, and tow'ring kites be seen.
In gardens form'd from nice designs of art,
To please the fancy and regale the heart;
Maidens, the fairest of all Nature's flow'rs,
Shall pluck the roses from exotic bow'rs.
While plough-boys in the fields pursue their toil,
And chant their songs as they invert the soil.

IV.

From where dividing mountains meet the clouds,
In hoary grandeur and in sylvan shrouds,
Missouri travels, and remotely drains
Ten thousand floods from unfrequented plains.
Through shady realms his rapid torrents roar,
And wash unseen the wood-encumber'd shore.
From lands afar his darksome waters roll,
Through gloomy wilds where painted Indians stroll.

With fancy cheer'd, with solitude imprest,
I view those wide expansions of the West.

My wand'ring muse in depths of woods regales,
Where Sol and Cynthia only light the vales:
There in Columbia's regions wrapt in shade,
And dark with trees e'er since the world was made.
No lofty domes nor temples there are giv'n,
With glitt'ring spires high pointing up to heav'n.
There agriculture never found its way,
And beaming science never cast a ray.
There barb'rous nations still pursue their game,
And the rude Indian woos his tawny dame.
No gardens there, in flow'ry charms array'd,
Unfold their blossoms to the blooming maid;
No fruitful orchards rural charms display,
Nor sportive lambs in green savannas play.
But as I look beyond some future years, (4)
The scene is chang'd; a brighter scene appears.
Columbia's bosom drops its rude attire,
And AGRICULTURE seems to triumph there,
With peace and plenty flowing from her hand,
She strips the forest from the smiling land.
The trees, though stubborn, to her mandates yield,
And wolves resign to playful lambs the field.
At her approach the scythes and sickles glance,
And through the soil the clumsy ploughshares dance;

While useful arts, which laurel wreaths entwine,
Make ev'ry workshop in each village shine.
Science shall give community a glow,
And kindle smiles 'mid scenes of want and woe;
Instead of dark and dismal shades, shall rise
More pleasing scenes to greet the stranger's eyes.
Ceres shall cheer each solitary plain,
And throw around her fruitful showers of grain;
Rich fields of harvest rise within the vales,
And breathe their fragrance to the western gales.
Each well stor'd mansion with an open door,
Receive the wand'rer and the foodless poor.
O'er Indian mounds the Christian temples rise,
And lift their spiral grandeur to the skies.
Tall waving poplars grace the green retreat,
And drooping willows shade the rural seat.

V.

When future centuries have roll'd away,
Progressive myriads from ascending day,
Shall trace the features of the western land,
From Hudson's bay to California's strand.
The deep sunk quarries into structures rise,
O'erlook the plains and glitter to the skies.

Along the vales, and rapid streams that flow,
Gay cities, towns and villages shall grow.
Unnumber'd streams reflect the face of day,
And on their bosoms num'rous oars shall play.
Then from Columbia's western shore shall glide,
Majestic squadrons o'er the ocean's tide,
Exchange their cargoes for the choicest stores
Of India and Japan, and Java's shores. (5)
Receive the treasures of Sumatra's fields,
And what Borneo's spicy region yields.

From the fair margin of the western sea,
From mingling nations, happy, kind and free,
The num'rous products of the earth shall flow,
O'er tow'ring mountains and the plains below.
While on Missouri's intermingling floods,
Steam-boats shall travel past the fields and woods,
To cheer each hamlet on the river's side,
And scatter foreign treasures far and wide.
Then Memnon's harp shall sound o'er all those plains,
And sportive school-boys catch th' enliv'ning strains.
Then shall Columbia's glory beam afar,
And shine as brilliant as the evening star.

To fancy's view a golden scene appears,
Through the wide ranges of millennial years;
When millions of the human race shall spread,
O'er dreary wilds, and regions wrapt in shade.
Then all the gloomy deserts of the earth,
Shall give the fruits and vegetation birth.
Then heav'n to earth shall lend fraternal ties,
And new Elysiums in succession rise;
The instruments of war forbear to sound,
And peace and love, and harmony abound.
Commerce shall roll to the Missouri's shores,
From Greenland's banks and Java's spicy bow'rs.
But oft does fancy's fairy flights pursue
Romantic visions, never to prove true!

VI.

From where Monongahela's floods descend,
And with the Alleghany's torrents blend;
To where dark swamps and wat'ry plains expand,
And Mississippi deluges the land;
The pure Ohio glitters clear and bright,
Reflects the sun and sparkling gems of night.
Along its banks the flow'ry verdure smiles,
And from its bosom rise enchanted Isles.

Romantic rocks high frowning o'er the waves,
Form darksome glens and horizontal caves. (6)

Fairest of rivers, gentle, smooth and clear,
What lovely scenes along thy course appear. (7)
The lofty trees which lately crown'd thy shore,
And humbler shrubs, have yielded to the fire.
Now towns and hamlets, where the forest stood,
Rise o'er the stumps and glitter to the flood.
Gay sloping landscapes from thy margin spread,
Chequered with meadows, gardens, fields and shade.

From wide extended plains, by due degrees,
Industry's vig'rous arm removes the trees.
On banks improv'd, the genial sun-beams play,
And fair Sciota sparkles into day.
Through lands of plenty, where the spreading farms,
Deprive the forests of their sylvan charms,
Muskingum winds its way from western hills,
And lends its torrents to the lab'ring mills.
Through fertile lands beneath embow'ring woods,
The smooth Miami rolls its azure floods.
Through nature's wilds, meand'ring Wabash drains
Ten thousand rills from Indiana's plains.

A scene majestic Cumberland unfolds,
As through the furrow'd rocks his torrent rolls;
Projecting cliffs above its surface rise,
With cedar crested summits to the skies;
While from the flinty reservoirs below,
The trickling springs and streaming cascades flow.
The Tennessee's tumultuous torrents hurl'd
Down the huge mountains of the western world,
Exhaust their fury on the plains below,
And in one broad deep channel smoothly flow;
While other branches of Ohio's flood,
Glide where o'ershadowing forests lately stood;
And cheer the glitt'ring villages that stand,
To grace the features of the western land.

VII.

In all those states through which Ohio winds,
New cities rise and vast improvement shines.
How diff'rent now this western world appears,
From savage walks and wilds in former years!
Where man and beast in anger sought their prey,
Domestic herds in green savannas play.
Wide fertile tracts of rich productive soil,
Open their treasures to the lab'rer's toil.

In num'rous towns along the rivers plac'd,
But lately risen from a shady waste,
Arts and industry sound in ev'ry street,
And throw their treasures round the workmen's feet.
Thick clouds of smoke from roaring forges driv'n,
Roll through the wide cerulean plains of heav'n.

On num'rous streams that glide 'mid sylvan shores,
And give Ohio all their wat'ry stores,
Commerce obedient to the oar's control,
In pond'rous loads to distant regions roll;
While o'er the sov'reign and the subject stream,
Majestic vessels glide, propell'd by steam; (8)
Pass up and down where mazy waters wind,
And leave black trails of rolling smoke behind;
And spacious arks descending from each shore,
With earth's best products, to return no more.

From various climes and realms what throngs appear,
To taste from Freedom's cup enjoyments here.
The emigrant with want and indigence opprest,
Who built his lonely cabin in the west
A few years past, now sees from former toil,
Luxuriant fields extended o'er his soil.

Beholds his herds gay bounding o'er the land,
And holds the Cornucopiæ in his hand.

VIII.

From Arctic seas to Patagonia's shore,
Stupendous mountains rise, sublimely tow'r
Above the clouds; mantled in icy glades,
O'er realms below stretch their romantic shades.
Summits from whence volcanic flames are hurl'd,
Increase the grandeur of the western world.
From Andean heights torrents of cinders fly,
Darken the flames and dim the circling sky;
Fly through the clouds and drift before the gales,
And fall like snow flakes on the blooming vales.
The northern Andes, o'er a world of woods,
Divide the sea from Mississippian floods.
Rocks pil'd on rocks in wild projection rise,
High o'er the clouds and glitter in the skies.
Bright cliffs of emerald, when the morning smiles,
Reflect the sun-beams o'er the shady wilds; (9)
Through Heav'n's cerulean plains they seem to blaze,
With dazzling streaks of horizontal rays.
And when the orb of day sinks in the west,
And twilight calms the savage world to rest;

Then as a ling'ring charm of day remains,
Their browner shadows darken all the plains;
Increase the gloom of caverns wild and rude,
Where dwell eternal night and solitude.

From those high mountains and surrounding hills,
In great abundance ooze the briny rills, (10)
From saline rocks, leaving where e'er they flow,
White heaps of salt, pure as the driv'n snow.

From where the Alleghanean summits rise,
Amidst the clouds, and penetrate the skies;
To western cliffs that o'er the storms aspire,
And seem to glitter with celestial fire;
Converging rivers through the valleys glide,
To swell in union Mississippi's tide.
In shady wilds each gliding torrent pours
Its glittering waves on unfrequented shores.
Along the margin of each lucid stream,
Groves and savannas variegate the scene;
Majestic trees extend their leafy bow'rs,
And cast their shadows o'er the blushing flow'rs.
Landscapes ne'er chanted in poetic strains,
Diffuse their smiles through Solitude's domains.

IX.

Where sylvan charms in rich profusion rise,
Hesperian wonders kindle fond surprise.
On rocks coeval with the western land,
An unknown people's hieroglyphics stand;
While on each wide uncultivated plain,
Entrenchments lie and battlements remain. (11)
Amidst those scenes I eagerly survey,
The marks of glory in a former day:
When towns and hamlets glitter'd o'er the land,
And arts triumphant wav'd the mystic wand.
When ores embosom'd in the earth was brought
To melting forges; and the metal wrought
In various implements, to aid the toil
Of those who claim'd the produce of the soil.
But war perhaps, with pestilential breath,
Breath'd o'er the land, and all was dark with death.
Between that former and the present day,
Numerous centuries have roll'd away.
But as I gaze with fancy's wand'ring eyes,
Delusive scenes in endless prospects rise;
Then let me in reality pursue,
Surrounding objects plac'd within my view.

Lo! yon dry poplar, stript of all its pride,
And the magnolia blooming by its side,
Invite my steps. There can my muses find
A scene, descriptive of the human kind.
Like the magnolia, youth with glowing charms,
Rises in life, remote from death's alarms.
But like the poplar, stript of all its bloom,
See old age slowly bending to the tomb.
But yonder grove, as green as Eden's bow'rs,
Invites me there to spend my pensive hours.
Silence and solitude there seem to reign,
And mantling vines adorn the shaded plains.
No hostile arm there lifts the pointed blade,
Nor lurking foe in yonder thicket laid:
Eternal peace dwells in the flow'ry vales,
And num'rous songs are warbled to the gales.

X.

Objects unknown to the historic page,
Excite the wonder of the present age.
Dim through the vista of departed years,
To fancy's view the western world appears,
Th' abodes of men and monsters, wild and rude,
Strolling through nature's wilds of solitude.

As o'er the land gigantic Mammoths spread,
The trees were crush'd beneath their pond'rous tread. (12)
Those angry monsters spread around dismay,
Drank up the streams and caught the beasts of prey:
The shudd'ring tribes retreated in despair,
With screams of terror flying through the air.
But from the clouds the fiery bolts were hurl'd,
Against those tyrants of the western world.
High o'er the trees their heads were seen to rise,
To mock the thunder as it shook the skies.
The flaming shafts, swift darting through the breeze,
Glanc'd from their heads and smote the rocks and trees.
'Till swifter bolts from magazines on high,
Pierc'd through their sides to make the monsters die.
The distant shores and earth's remoter zones,
Were then astonish'd at their bellowing groans.
Their bones, though moulder'd by the hand of time,
Are now the wonders of the western clime.
But like those relics mingling with the clay,
Monarchs and kings must into dust decay;
Their splendour sink in dark oblivion's gloom,
And reptiles murmur dirges round the tomb.
Then why should man his fleeting days employ,
In gaining grandeur time must soon destroy;

Since humbler joys may smooth each passing year,
And rural bliss enliven life's career;
When wild ambition never haunts the breast,
But solitude charms ev'ry care to rest.

As bright Aurora sparkles through the skies,
And the impurpled mist begins to rise;
Yon rolling flood a liquid mirror shines,
And shows inverted banks with trees and vines,
Where verdure spreads along the chief of streams,
And yields its dew drops to the morning beams.
As o'er the flood the exhalations rise,
They give the rainbow all its varied dyes;
The humid arch shines in the face of day,
'Till warmer sun-beams melt the clouds away.

XI.

From Mississippi's margins wild and rude,
I lonely stray in pensive solitude,
Through darksome bow'rs, which keep the solar beams
From glitt'ring on the intermingling streams,
To where the grassy plains perfume the gales,
And the wild flow'rs bespangle all the vales:

Where an expansive sea of verdure lies,
Glitt'ring with nature's variegated dyes.
Those blooming plains in lively charms array'd,
With vinous thickets, and with copse of shade,
Enrich the landscapes; and with changing hues
Delight my fancy, and invite my muse
To sing of Oppelousa's favour'd land,
Rich in the gifts which flow from nature's hand.

Though here no rising mountain's sylvan crest,
O'erlooks the wide prairies of the west; (13)
Eternal verdure spreads around its smiles,
And groups of trees present unnumber'd isles.
Majestic live oaks with their foliage green,
And mantling vines, enrich the rural scene;
While groves more distant in succession rise,
And give a darker azure to the skies.

O'er verdant plains, by sea-borne breezes warm'd,
And spreading land by Mississippi form'd, (14)
I stretch my view. Here herds unnumber'd stroll,
O'er flow'ry banks, where limpid waters roll.
Along the Tash, Vermilion and Sabine,
Ten thousand rural charms enrich the scene.

Where fishes sported o'er the ocean's caves,
And the green turtles slumber'd on the waves;
O'er verdant plains, protruded in the sea,
The deer and elk in green savannas play;
And docile herds now graze the grassy food,
Where glitt'ring dolphins cleav'd the briny flood.

How diff'rent now this spreading land appears,
From a wide waste of waves in former years?
When surging winds invok'd the ocean's roar,
And the white foam was drifted round the shore:
Till plains emerging from the tide and streams,
Spread their broad bosoms to the sun's fair beams.
The marshy vales aquatic verdure bore,
And drooping osiers grew along the shore.
Receding waters left the smiling land,
To wear the vesture, form'd by Flora's hand.
Then men and beasts from forests wild and rude,
For these wide plains forsook their solitude;—
Spread forth and follow'd the declining waves,
And sought no more the mountain's glens and caves.

Men here to sluggish indolence inclin'd,
Few social joys from love or friendship find;—

Half savage seem. But eagerly display
The idle fashions of the great and gay.
Virtue and sense are estimated low,
And merit here is weigh'd by outward show.
Upon these plains great Branderkoff appears,
Lifts the hot brand and haunts th' unletter'd steers;
All in his reach must feel exquisite pain,
And on their sides his initials retain.

XII.

When freedom's banners shall remain unfurl'd,
O'er southern regions of the western world;
Reason, unaw'd by sacerdotal ire,
Shall bid mankind to nobler deeds aspire.
The torturing dungeon and the tyrant's chain,
No more spread terror through each wide domain;
But truth enfranchis'd throw her light around,
And intermingling scenes of joy abound.
Millions from Spain's benighted realms shall rise,
And cheer the world with their bold enterprise;
Their temples raise, 'mid Indians' wild abodes,
And through the wilderness project new roads;—
Make arches rise where turbid waters glide,
And bridges o'er their num'rous rivers stride.

Stupendous works of art shall be display'd,
And Darien yield her strata to the spade.
A broad canal, at industry's command,
Lead the Atlantic through Panama's land. (15)
Then round the shore where spring eternal smiles,
And the Carribean sea incompass isles,
Shall thronging fleets their airy streamers wave,
And from the south the sparkling treasures crave.

Where Mississippi's western arms expand,
To drain the waters from a desert land;
In future times, shall fields and farms abound,
And agriculture throw her bounties round.
Roads and canals from stream to stream shall run;
And cities rise towards the setting sun.
A wide expanse of wilderness no more
Darken the land from Mississippi's shore,
To where the Californian waves are hurl'd,
Against the bases of the western world.

Where fields forlorn are drest in purple dyes,
And towns in smoke are drifting through the skies;
Where sombre clouds roll round their awful forms,
And Heav'n's fair lamps are darken'd with the storms,

O'er all the land shall halcyon doves appear,
The harbingers of bliss;—the nations cheer.
In South Columbia great republics rise,
And freedom's altars penetrate the skies.
In Spanish realms may blood and carnage cease,
And ev'ry clime enjoy the smiles of peace.
May war no more display the purple flood,
And earth contain no stagnant lakes of blood.
May all forget the hell invented art,
To sheath the sabre in the human heart.
May the time, the happiest time of all,
When pride and tyranny with tyrants fall,
To rise no more; to drench the earth's domain
With orphans' tears, and blood of fathers slain.
No Despots reign upon this earthly ball;
But he who guides the spheres be own'd by all,
All pay obedience to the throne above,
With peace and union, harmony and love.
Science and truth shall then their power display,
And shine unbounded as the light of day.
Frenzy'd delusion shall no more embrace,
The crimes of kings and sacerdotal race.
No angry mobs of ruffian bigots rise,
Nor scenes of torture pain the shudd'ring eyes.

But peace and plenty, trade and commerce free,
Cheer ev'ry cot,—each craft on ev'ry sea.
The lofty oaks glide from the sylvan plain,
Swell into ships, and grace the rolling main.
Rich commerce roll from Mississippi's strand,
To frigid climes and sultry plains of sand:
And thousands trav'lling from afar explore,
The fragrant groves on Oronoko's shore:
And war's contentious rage no more intrude
On the calm joys of pensive solitude.
But does not fancy, with deceptive art,
Throw her romantic visions round my heart?
Wars will prevail while man remains the same;
Ambitious man, grasping at pow'r and fame.

XIII.

Far in the western wide expanse of shade,
Romantic scenes, in sylvan charms array'd,
Serenely smile. Ten thousand landscapes lie,
Where never yet has glanc'd a trav'ller's eye.
Through the wide circle of the changing year,
Elysian vales in florid charms appear,
With hills environ'd. Scenes of seclusion, gay
With waving groves, where mazy waters play;

Abodes of peace. Thither could I retire
With social friends, and with the muse's lyre,
And find a home imbosom'd in the wilds,
Where nature glows in all her virgin smiles.
There spend my days, in calm domestic joys,
Free from all care, fantastic pomp and noise;
Explore the land, survey the tow'ring woods,
Hunt the wild game, and angle in the floods;
Remove the trees and cultivate the soil,
And comforts gain from health-improving toil.
There could I live in friendship, love and lore,
And mingle with deceptive friends no more;
Death would succeed my life's declining ray,
As the calm evening of a pleasant day.
But doom'd to mingle with retirement's foes,
I roam the world, and vainly seek repose:
Save when I find an interval from care,
And then the joys of meditation share:
See bounteous nature's varied scenes unfold,
And in each scene a Deity behold.—
The fountain, source and parent of all good;
Who moves the spheres, and rolls the briny flood,
Who makes the feather'd choir, in shady wilds,
Carol their notes where naught but nature smiles.

Far as creation's utmost bounds expand,
All worlds and suns, conducted by his hand,
Proclaim his goodness. Shall man, with reason blest,
In solitude's serene retreats of rest,
Forbear to raise, while in the peaceful grove,
A joyous theme of gratitude and love,
To him who rules and governs all alone,
And with the universes builds his throne.

XIV.

Like the wild bird that warbles in the bow'r,
And wings its flight to visit it no more;
I leave the sylvan plains, where nature smiles,
And wander forth through swamps and gloomy wilds;
O'er stagnant pools and Mississippian floods,
Through a dark waste of unfrequented woods,
To higher lands of sloping vales and hills,
Shaded with trees, diversified with rills.
Within my view Floridian landscapes shine,
And lift in air the tow'ring groves of pine.

As evening follows the declining day,
And night's fair gems their twinkling charms display;

Beneath a grove where tall magnolias bloom,
And twilight gales expand a rich perfume;
In a romantic wild bewild'ring scene,
I taste the joys of solitude serene;
Involving darkness calms the world to rest,
And Vesper faintly glimmers in the west.

While in a silent, lonely, pensive hour,
Remembrance treads my youthful rambles o'er,
The woodlands, fields and cultivated farms,
Rise to my view in all their rural charms.
Fond recollection brings to mind the hills,
The ancient rocks, the trees and murm'ring rills;
The streaming cascades and the chequer'd glades,
The mountain cedars, and their cooling shades.
There in the joy of youth I roam'd the woods,
And loiter'd o'er the borders of the floods.
From the green margin saw the vessels glide,
And gambol oft eccentric o'er the tide.
Where sterile rocks and precipices tow'r,
And frown indignant at the wave-worn shore;
Where Hudson flows 'mid mild romantic scenes,
My early days were cheer'd with fancy's dreams.

But as dark clouds by raging tempests driv'n,
Obstruct the light and hide the face of Heav'n,
So clouds of care have gloom'd the morning rays
Which glow'd serene, in those more happy days.
But let not scenes of former days intrude,
Upon poetic, pensive solitude;
Which cheers my mind, amidst surrounding gloom,
Beneath those bow'rs of variegated bloom;
Where minstrels' melting melody prevails,
Through the green mazes of the sylvan vales.

Half o'er yon eastern hill with borrow'd beams
The moon appears. And from her disk the gleams
Of light, though feeble, faint and pale,
Glide through the grove and glimmer in the vale;
Hail Queen of night! dear daughter of the day,
On thy fair face the lucid sun-beams play;
From whence reflected to the earthly bow'rs,
To cheer the wand'rer in his pensive hours.

Through shady wilds where pleasing landscapes glow,
The limpid Pearl and Pascagoola flow.
The Mobile's branches through the wood-lands pour,
To swell the sea along a desert shore;

While other streams through reedy thickets glide,
And fall unnotic'd in the ocean's tide.

In future years shall fields their charms display,
And gardens grace the margin of the sea,
From Mississippi's rich and fertile strand,
To Pensacola's barren banks of sand.

Where mingling throngs from distant realms reside
Fair Alabama rolls its lucid tide (16)
Through a wide range; where the bold sons of Mars,
Who led their legions 'midst resounding wars,
Have pitched their tents, to give the earth their toil,
To rear the olive and to flow the oil;
To pluck the clusters from the mantling vine,
And kindle joys with streams of sparkling wine.
While farther east thick settlements abound,
And fertile vales spread wealth and plenty round.
Hamlets and towns from Georgia's western wilds,
Profusely rise. The fields in rural smiles
Their products yield; but, near the sea, the land
Rears only pines o'er drifting waves of sand.

XV.

On Mississippi's borders wild and rude,
New scenes delight my hours of solitude.
High banks of strata tow'ring o'er the flood,
Push to the clouds a cumb'rous growth of wood. (17)
By nature's hand a canopy is made
With limbs and vines to shelter and to shade
The weary wand'rer, as he musing goes,
Breathing emotions to the wind that blows.

No fairer charms are found in earth's domains,
In wild retreats, where sylvan beauty reigns,
Than where the groves and hills diffuse a smile,
To grace the borders of the western Nile.
Where laurel groves o'ershade the blooming vales,
And breathe their fragrance to the fleeting gales.

O'er a blue waste of trees my view expands,
And wanders wide o'er Mississippian lands;
O'er leafy plains that far expanding lie,
And wear the charms of the cerulean sky.
But from those heights, rich in romantic shades,
I wander forth 'mid forests, hills and glades,

To where the Homochitto rolls its stream,
Through desert swamps; where scarce a single gleam
From sun or moon, can cheer the wat'ry earth,
And give the unborn vegetation birth.
O'er a dark waste where sluggish waters run,
Thick clouds of insects glitter to the sun;
While noxious gales in every humid breath,
Convey the seeds of sickness, pain and death.

O'er Mississippian hills I lonely stray,
In solitude, while dazzling sun-beams play:
And as the source of day sinks in the West,
And only gilds the mountains' highest crest,
To yonder blu.. I pensively repair,
And court the joys of meditation there.
To yonder mound which gives the grandest view,
Where once in air the Spanish banner flew, (18)
From bustling crowds I pensively retire,
To cheer my fancy with the muses' lyre.
When those high banks, fann'd by the morning breeze,
Stretch forth their shifting shadows o'er the trees
Beyond the river; where dark waters spread
O'er desert plains, beneath eternal shade;

Then as Aurora smiles and gently show'rs
The pearly dew drops from the trembling bow'rs,
I roam the river's margin wild and rude,
And taste the joys of tranquil solitude.

XVI.

Where arid hills above the trees aspire,
The sport of lightning and volcanic fire,
The glitt'ring arms of Washatau expand,
To catch the rills that murmur round the land.
Here breathing gales bear on their fleeting wings,
The humid vapours from the boiling springs.

Though darksome woods surround those fossile hills,
From whence issue the hot and smoking rills,
Soon shall a thronging multitude appear,
And ball rooms, inns, and hotels flourish here.
The weary invalids, with pain opprest,
Shall here expect to find relief and rest.
The lame and feeble shall ascend the stream,
To steep their bodies in the rising steam;
To see the spot where pain and sickness cease,
Which nature's children call the land of peace. (19)

A land of peace will here be known no more,
But angry tumults like the tempests roar,
When pride and ostentation shall combine,
To make with pomp their noisy mansions shine.
When a vain crowd can only here beguile
Their leisure hours with etiquette and style;
Instead of peace, delight and calm repose,
The wrangling tongue of strife, the bloody nose,
From angry quarrels, may be look'd for here,
When round those hills the mingling throngs appear,
To dissipate all life's detested glooms,
In crowded taverns, bowers and billiard rooms.

From the Missouri to those fossile hills,
Warm'd with deep fires, and wet with boiling rills,
A future multitude shall stretch new roads
Through green savannas, and the waving woods;
Make bridges o'er the gliding streams prevail,
And ev'ry town receive the welcome mail.
'Mid peace and plenty, choicest gifts of heav'n,
Shall rapid stages through the land be driv'n.
And strangers trav'lling see, with joyous eyes,
In side-way landscapes, new improvements rise.

XVII.

In western regions, rich in sylvan smiles,
Wide as the ocean,—fair as Neptune's isles,
There nature's children through the forest stride,
With wants but few and easily supply'd:
There nature's children own a sov'reign pow'r,
In sun, in moon, in stars, in leaf or flow'r.
With freedom blest in regions dark with wood,
Unaw'd by man they worship nature's God.

This dusky race, with long black hair uncurl'd,
Roam the wide forests of the western world.
Pleas'd with their olive colour they with care
Plume the light belts, which round their waists they wear.
These wand'ring tribes their adoration pay,
To yonder bright effulgent orb of day;
And never ask sublime abodes in heav'n,
Nor envy seats to seraphs only giv'n;
But view the shady groves beyond the grave,
Where clearer rivers roll the silver wave;
Where nature's God gives to the brave and good,
The beasts and fowls and fishes of the flood;

And dooms the base to endless scenes of woe,
Where fruitless briars with thorns and thistles grow.

But soon those sable tribes will cease to roam,
Nor call th' expansive wilderness their own. (20)
Far to the west does emigration's tide,
Through the wild avenues of mountains glide;
Spreads o'er each fertile section of the soil,
To change the face of nature with the toil
Of those, who from a wilderness forlorn
Shall reap their harvests and collect their corn:
And as they make the gloomy forest shine,
The natives dwindle and their joys decline.
Disease and luxury, with pestif'rous breath,
Drive them in thousands to the jaws of death.

XVIII.

Descending from the ancient forest groves,
Where the free Indian unincumber'd roves,
And wand'ring o'er a cultivated plain,
'Mid fields of cotton, corn and sugar-cane;
What human forms before my view appear!
Reduc'd to shadowy spectres of despair;

Wasted with toil—bruised by a tyrant's rod,
With groans and sighs they ask from nature's God
The grave's asylum, where all human woes,
And griefs, are shut from death's serene repose.

In sultry climes, o'er wide luxuriant plains,
Desponding slavery drags its horrid chains. (21)
Man for his colour stoops to man opprest,
And yields to man the empire of his breast.
Man for his colour doom'd, through ling'ring years,
To scenes of sorrow, misery and tears;
To toil by day, to spend his nightly hours,
In dreams of his once freedom favour'd bow'rs,
When on the plains of Africa he play'd,
And found repose beneath the cooling shade.
But chilling horrors are to mis'ry join'd,
As recollection breaks upon his mind;
When in his mother's fost'ring arms carest;
When tears in showers were falling on her breast;
When ev'ry cottage, ev'ry blooming grove,
With cries of filial and paternal love
Were fill'd in vain: no cruel deeds impart
The least emotion to the tyrant's heart.

With demon soul the Christian white man prest
The gleaming steel against the father's breast,
To force his offspring from his shudd'ring eyes
To distant lands beneath the western skies;
Where now upon Columbia's southern plains,
They waste their days in servitude and chains,
For those who, with the olive wreaths unfurl'd,
Claim freedom's temples in the western world.

Your God is just; then tremble and deplore,
Ye ruffian bands, your deeds upon the shore
Of Africa; from whence ye bore away,
The wretched cargoes of your human prey.

The slave with pray'rs invokes the whirlwind's breath
To spread destruction, breathe consoling death,
That he may rest from slow consuming toil,
And sleep beneath the blood impurpled soil.
Slav'ry, alas! disguise it as you will,
Is but a nauseous draught, a bitter pill.

In vain fantastic pomp, a purse proud clan,
Rich from the violated rights of man,

Display their wealth in ev'ry sensual guise
That pride, conceit or folly can devise.
The boasting nabob here triumphant feels,
With hosts of negroes trudging at his heels.
Wealth here commands the smiles of wealthy fools,
And gives access where ostentation rules;
But sense and virtue oft unnoticed shine,
Like sparkling gems 'mid herds of grov'ling swine.
But like the tow'ring Chimborazo's brow,
That frowns indignant o'er a world below,
So can an independent mind arise,
And all their folly, pomp and pride despise:
Nor envy him who on his sofa rolls,
Damns the dire gout, and drains his much lov'd bowls;
Who sees his half-white offspring till the plains,
Bleeding with stripes, groaning beneath their chains.

But some there are who feel for other's woe,
Warm'd with a heavenly fire, their kindness show
To all around them. Here the stranger finds
Persons of lib'ral hearts and generous minds:
Conscious of every ill, and every crime,
Which slavery stamps upon our southern clime.

XIX.

Through dismal swamps, where sluggish waters roll,
And plains where huge amphibious monsters prowl,
I wander forth. In a bewild'ring way
Soon lose my course;—clouds hide the orb of day.
Dismal and gloomy from the wat'ry stores,
Through cypress boughs, the rain abundant pours.
Day after day, we work our frail canoe,
Expecting settlements to meet our view,
But none appear. We labour still in vain,
And breathe emotions to the wat'ry plain.
Foodless, fatigued and wet we ply the oars,
With nerveless arms and hands of painful sores;
Hope faintly lingers over dark despair,
'Till fate propitious claims a thankful pray'r;
A distant sound expels foreboding fears,
A tinkling cow-bell echoes to our ears;
The sound we follow, 'till before our eyes
The curling smoke from lonely cabins rise.
We reach the spot where bliss has no alloy,
And drown our troubles in a flood of joy.
But joys we think to realize a while,
Are oft as transient as Aurora's smile.

Deep swelling sighs and sad emotions flow,
As through the cypress shades and weeds of woe,
I slowly walk amidst involving gloom,
To muse in silence o'er a lonely tomb
Of him, with whom I've spent my social hours
On those wide plains, and other distant shores.
Though here no weeping maids soft dirges play,
O'er the green turf that wraps his mould'ring clay,
He sleeps retir'd from care and human woes,
Near where majestic Mississippi flows;
Beneath the mould, dug from the wat'ry shore,
Which ne'er lay on a human breast before.
Without one monumental trophy near,
To claim the formal tribute of a tear,
Around his grave luxuriant blossoms rise,
Ne'er wet with tears nor fann'd with generous sighs.
But may his spirit mount th' ethereal car,
And gain a place in heav'n the Lord knows where.

XX.

When Mississippi roll'd its turbid floods,
'Mid savage haunts, and dark umbrageous woods,
De Soto led from Lusitana's land
To these wide plains, a bold aspiring band.

His reeling ships with drooping sails unfurl'd,
Bore the adventurers to the western world;
Where Mississippi's dismal swamps abound,
And noxious gales spread death and sickness round.
After exploring those majestic streams,
They sail'd away, and curs'd their golden dreams.
La Salle next came; with fervent zeal imprest,
Travers'd the trackless regions of the West:
From Iroquois he bent his southward way,
And trac'd the Mississippi to the sea.
Then from his native Gallic land convey'd,
Cargoes of strangers to the world of shade;
Survey'd the shores, and scatter'd round an host
Of weary pilgrims, on a desert coast;
Display'd an eastern banner o'er the land,
And sunk beneath a base assassin's hand.
Next those who long had spurn'd a despot's will,
Look'd to the West and follow'd Iberville,
Who with a thronging multitude came o'er,
To spend their days on Mississippi's shore.
Where to the soil the strangers laid their claims,
And gave the tow'ring forest to the flames;
Laid off their gardens, and inclosed their fields,
And gain'd the treasures agriculture yields.

Where rising Natchez cheers the fertile shores,
And scatters treasures from her crowded stores,
From Gallic lands in former times remote,
A settlement was form'd of little note.
With indigence opprest the wand'rers came,
And to those hills and heights they laid their claim.
Want spur'd industry, and by due degrees,
Plac'd them in comfort, competence and ease.
The unsuspecting natives brought their stores,
And laid their bounty at the strangers' doors.
But like Pizzaro's hell-detested band,
Who forced oppression o'er Columbia's land,
They heeded not the voice of nature's God,
And bid the natives bow before the rod;
Bid the proud roving sovereigns of the soil,
Their tributes bring, in honey, skins and oil.
Mistaken men! their homes were soon their graves:
Columbia's children never can be slaves.
The war-whoop sounded from the dark abodes,
And flaming torches gleam'd through all the woods;
The warriors of the forest wrapt in fire
The thoughtless victims of their fiercest ire.
Silence and death reign'd o'er the sullen scene,
Where prattling children sported on the green

The day preceding, for one direful hour,
Renew'd the gloom of centuries before. (22)
But soon succeeding emigrants came o'er,
And pitched their tents on Mississippi's shore;
Increasing strength secur'd them from their foes,
And as the forest sunk their wealth arose;
Soon then was seen the cotton covered plain,
The swamps of rice and fields of sugar-cane.
'Mid orange groves the mansion's spacious halls,
Receiv'd the concerts and the festive balls;
And now no more shall the barbarian's arm,
Or savage war-whoop, spread the dire alarm.

XXI.

Happy is he who shuns the noise and strife,
Which darken bliss and swell the cares of life;
Who feels the joy of sympathy and ease,
With her whose mind is formed to cheer and please;
Whose charms can make the gloomy forest glow,
Whose smiles can lend an antidote to woe.
Let tempests rage, and angry thunders roll,
And discord flash dismay from pole to pole;
Those dire commotions never can annoy
The ties of love, repose and rural joy,

Of him whose mind, and whose unanxious feet,
Have never wander'd from the lone retreat.
As fair as sun-beams on the smiles of May,
In tranquil joy his days must glide away.
Such be my choice, that, placid and serene,
My hours should roll through ev'ry changing scene.

Where nature's God in tranquil beauty smiles,
In green savannas and primeval wilds,
The joy of solitude may calm the breast,
And lull a restless tide of care to rest;
Brighten each charm, nor foster in the bow'rs,
Deceitful pleasures drest in fashion's flowers.
And here what soul-enliv'ning joy to meet
The friendly tenant of a lone retreat. (23)

While pomp and pride and ostentation join,
To make their noisy gilded temples shine,
Remote in depths of solitude serene,
The mind can trace life's variegated scene;
See where the baneful weeds of folly shoot,
And glean from fancy's fields romantic fruit.
From halcyon groves the muse may often fly,
To other scenes beneath remoter sky;—

Wander with freedom from the leafy bow'rs,
To crowded marts, gay monuments and tow'rs;
Fly o'er departed ages, and explore
The works of men and nations now no more;
Ponder with calm but melancholy joy,
O'er drear Palmyra and the dust of Troy;
On fancy's wings sail through the azure skies,
Where planets, suns and universes rise.

In lone retreats of solitude appear
The hand of God, in every object near;
The earth's green verdure and the dew-drop's glow,
His power, his skill and omnipresence show.
'Tis he who makes night's portals wide expand,
And pours a flood of day o'er sea and land.
And when the sun meridian heights regains,
And spreads effulgence through the ethereal plains;
'Mid all his works our rolling orb of day
With dazzling charms is but one feeble ray.
When light but faintly lingers in the West,
And weariness invites us all to rest,
By his decrees the evening gently throws,
Her sable curtains o'er our soft repose.

When waves on waves in wild commotion rise,
And flash the foaming surges to the skies;
Or when the storms are hush'd, the waves uncurl'd
Spread a smooth surface o'er the wat'ry world,
All nature rul'd by universal laws,
Declare a God is the eternal cause,
Of all that move in ocean, earth, or air;
That life proceeds from his creative pow'r;
And that to him belong our grateful praise,
From love-warm'd hearts and unaffected lays.

XXII.

Where heav'n-built battlements of rocks arise,
And point their glitt'ring summits in the skies,
Columbia's Genius of celestial grace,
O'er realms below has fixed her resting place;
She looks on Europe with compassion's gaze,
And to the world repeats her welcome lays.
"Come here, ye needy; see what treasures lie,
In shady worlds beneath the western sky.
From where drear winter chills the lap of May,
And icy lakes reflect the face of day,
To blooming shores, fann'd by the tropic gales,
Where o'er the land eternal spring prevails,

My empire lies. From where th' Atlantic roars,
I stretch my regions to the western shores.
The mountains, plains, the lakes and rivers fair,
Are all the subjects of my guardian care.
Where states are form'd, my splendid cities rise,
And lofty structures penetrate the skies;
I've led my children to the scenes of war,
And shower'd them laurels upon victory's car;
Freedom's celestial flame taught them to fan,
And guard from tyranny the rights of man;
The rights of conscience to them all I've given,
Free as the air they breathe, or light of heav'n.
My hardy subjects, generous, bold and free,
Now wave my banners over every sea;
My commerce rolls to every distant shore,
And kings and despots dread my rising pow'r."
High o'er the land, with wings of light unfurl'd,
Thus speaks the Genius of the western world;
And beckoning with her bright celestial wand,
Invites the pilgrims to her happy land,
Where nature's gifts with moral bounties join,
To make with comfort every cottage shine. (24)

Ye landscapes of the west, what charms are yours!
Green waving forests, and wide wastes of flow'rs,
In wild luxuriance beautify the vales,
And lend sweet exhalations to the gales.

Though I shall soon forsake those scenes sublime,
And spend life's vapour in some other clime,
Yet future trav'llers shall those scenes pursue,
And fair Columbia swell before their view.
The weary emigrants from lands afar,
Led to the west by Freedom's blazing star,
Shall trace those regions with a rapturous gaze,
Locate themselves, and calmly spend their days.
And as they breathe the last and farewell breath,
And sink serenely in the arms of death,
The grateful children shall retain the soil,
And reap the fruits of their ancestors' toil.

Whene'er I roam beneath some other skies,
Those scenes will to my recollection rise;
Fancy will often paint with light and shade,
Those regions where I formerly have stray'd;
Where Mississippian plains so wide expand,
And shed botanic smiles around the land.

But other objects lead my mind away,
And here I end my wild romantic lay:
To lone retreats on Mississippi's shore,
I bid adieu! I sing their charms no more.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

Note 1. Page 15.

The chief and sovereign of unnumber'd floods.

In taking a general view of the continent of North America, we find that its most interesting features are formed by its numerous rivers; of which the Mississippi appears the most conspicuous. From its great length, vast and numerous tributary streams, it may be considered as the most important river on the globe. Draining the waters from a country of greater extent than that which circumscribes the sources of any other river; and being the grand outlet for the surplus productions of a portion of the earth highly favoured with soil and climate; capable of supporting a greater number of inhabitants than the whole population of Europe; it presents an unrivalled channel for the display of future wealth and commerce.

This majestic river is often the subject of travellers' remarks and the geographer's inquiry.—But the stranger on first visiting it, is somewhat disappointed in finding the average breadth of its regular channel something less than nine hundred yards. But when he views it in the highest elevation of its annual rise, spreading its waters over its marginal plains from Missouri to the Gulph of Mexico; and forming a medial width of its

entire surface of nearly twenty miles; and emptying into the sea more than half a million tons of water per minute, he readily admits it as the chief of rivers.

Note 2. Page 16.

Ocean receives those products of the west,
And floats the graceless tributes on his breast.

No river in the world appears to make such encroachments on its banks as the Mississippi. It not unfrequently happens that acres of ground, covered with trees of an enormous growth, are undermined by the current, and precipitated into the river. The trees are promiscuously strewed along the shores, and many of them drifted into the sea. Where those encroachments are made, objects peculiarly interesting present themselves. In some places where the bank has fallen in, the trees of the largest size are left standing upright, with their tops lowered to the roots of those that stand upon the unmolested soil; others having sunk forty or fifty feet from their former foundations, rest their trunks upon the edge of the bank. And where the river has not yet fully accomplished the works of devastation, we are presented with banks partly undermined, but feebly supporting a heavy burthen of trees; the roots of which, projecting over the water, portend their fall at no distant period.

The principal obstructions to the navigation of the Mississippi, consist of immense rafts of trees deposited along its shores; many of them, the growth of another climate, half buried in the sediment of the river, and

mouldered and corroded by the hand of time, present themselves as objects of considerable antiquity. The greatest accumulation of timber on the waters of the Mississippi is found on the Atchafalya, the largest outlet from the river above New Orleans. This vast collection of wood forms a natural bridge over the Atchafalya, and covers its surface at least ten miles. Mr. Darby, who has given the most satisfactory topographical and statistical description of Louisiana, of any work now extant, estimates the quantity of wood in this vast collection to be 286,784,000 solid feet, or 2,240,500 cords; and to this more than 50,000 cords may be considered as the annual augmentation. The navigation of all the streams leading from the Mississippi is more or less obstructed by the annual deposits of timber, but in no place has there been found such an enormous mass as on the Atchafalya, the whole of which has been formed within less than half a century.

Note 3. Page 16.

As o'er those willowy banks I lonely stray,
I view improvements in a future day.

From the many natural advantages of Louisiana and other countries watered by the Mississippi and its branches, we may reasonably conclude that those countries will exhibit an immense population of civilized inhabitants at no very distant period. A busy multitude will soon be seen unfolding the native resources of the country; cultivating those plains where the plough has never yet cast a furrow, and incorporating cities where the forest has never yet bore the marks of an axe.

In contemplating some of the regions of desolation of the old world, the mind is absorbed in sorrowful reflections on the extinction of empires; the inhabitants of which at one time enlivened the higher circles of civilization with their arts, science and literature, and gave an additional charm to the beauties of creation by their agricultural labours. But chiefly from misguided ambition, and defects in legislation and government, they have sunk from the theatre of nations; and the ruins of their cities and the mouldering fragments of their temples are now left as the solitary witnesses of their arts, enterprize and industry. But in contemplating the future state of things in the western world, in those regions where civilized man has never yet fixed his residence, the imagination is presented with new states starting into existence, and towns and cities swarming with inhabitants displaying their wealth and opulence; and the haunts of barbarians becoming the seats of arts, science, civilization and social happiness.

Note 4. Page 19.

But as I look beyond some future years,
The scene is chang'd; a brighter scene appears.

From the rapid flow of the tide of emigration to our western frontiers, it is probable that the whole expanse of country watered by the Missouri and its branches will, within less than one century, assume a new aspect. No uncultivated country on earth presents so many inducements for emigration. Its climate, soil and in-

ternal navigation hold out an invitation to millions of the human family, who in less productive countries, where the pampered votaries of monarchy fatten upon the labours of the needy, are unable to gain a competency by the greatest exertions and economy.

Although several interesting topographical details of this country have been given to the public, yet a great part of it has never been explored.

In the purchase of Louisiana the wisdom and foresight of those who managed our national concerns at the time, are becoming more conspicuous daily. Those who opposed the purchase with considerable virulence, in dispassionately viewing the sources of national wealth and power arising from this acquisition of territory, must readily admit of its utility. As long as the states bordering the Ohio river continue to form an essential part of our national confederation, so long will that country which secures to us the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi river continue to be an object of the highest national importance.

Note 5. Page 21.

Exchange their cargoes for the choicest stores
Of India, and Japan, and Java's shores.

When the western part of North America is sufficiently inhabited, there can be no doubt but an extensive traffic will be carried on with the greatest facility, between that country and the shores of Asia and the numerous islands in the Pacific and Indian oceans. Hence the Missouri and Columbia rivers will be the channels

through which the wealth and merchandise of India and other places will be conveyed to supply the whole country lying between the Alleghany and Rocky mountains. The practicability of a canal connecting together the waters of those two rivers has been asserted; if so, we have no great reason to doubt the probability of such a communication.

Note 6. Page 26.

Romantic rocks high frowning o'er the waves,
Form darksome glens and horizontal caves.

Although the banks of the Ohio are generally uniform and of gradual assent, and susceptible of the highest cultivation, yet in several places high projecting cliffs of rocks afford picturesque and romantic prospects upon the margin of the stream, and form a number of singular subterraneous caverns. The most interesting one I explored is upon the west bank of the river, about 250 miles from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi. It extends about 180 feet into a rock of a prodigious size. Its mouth is of a semicircular form, its base about 80 feet, and about 25 feet to the highest elevation of the arch, which gradually diminishes towards its farthest extremities, where it spreads out horizontally. While at this place I wrote the following stanzas.

THE CAVE.

Where rocks on rocks in awful grandeur tow'r,
And scowl indignant o'er th' Ohio's stream;

A darksome cave, beneath a shady bow'r,
Invites my mind to solitude serene.

Though night eternal in this cave prevails,
Around those rocks reflecting beauties glow;
Where fragrant flowers perfume the breathing gales,
And shine inverted in the waves below.

Round this dark cave enchanted scenes appear,
Whene'er the eye is stretched in prospect wide,
Where distant hills their broken summits rear,
And with their shadows streak the gleaming tide.

Must I, alas! forsake those sylvan bow'rs,
Where round the rocks the spreading limbs are twin'd,
In distant lands to waste my pensive hours,
And view those wonders only in my mind.

Could I from all the cares of life retire,
And yonder cottage be my last abode;
From thence to this lone cavern oft repair,
To muse in silence o'er the passing flood:

Ambition then should never haunt my breast,
Nor make me restless with her wild alarms;

But as the evening calms the world to rest,
All cares should yield submissive to those charms.

When far from this lone cave my feet shall roam,
And other scenes before my view appear;—
Serenely musing in poetic gloom,
Imagination oft will lead me here.

Since noticing one cave, it may not be improper to remark that no country yet known, abounds with more extensive subterraneous caverns than Tennessee and Kentucky. Caves of great extent have been found in the Cumberland mountains in the state of Tennessee, presenting in their gloomy recesses some of the most interesting specimens of Nature's works. But the Mammoth cave in Warren county, Kentucky, is of greater extent than any yet known. It has been penetrated more than six miles, and its farthest extremities have never been explored. It consists of numerous apartments, communicating with each other by large avenues and winding defiles. Those rooms or apartments are very spacious; the largest of which encompases an area of about eight acres, over which is an arch of one entire rock one hundred feet in height, calculated to impress the beholder with sensations of awe and astonishment. Stupenduous columns of spar, reflecting the most variegated brilliancy, are frequently met with in exploring the gloomy grandeur of these subterraneous mansions of eternal darkness.

Note 7. Page 23.

Fairest of rivers, gentle, smooth and clear,
What lovely scenes along thy course appear!

The Ohio has often been represented as the most beautiful river in the world. Winding its clear and transparent current more than one thousand miles through a delightful country, and containing nearly one hundred islands susceptible of the highest cultivation; it presents a diversified picture of beauty and grandeur, and from the navigation it affords gives an importance to all the internal regions of North America. The principal interruption to the navigation of this noble river, is at Louisville, about four hundred and eighty miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. But even here boats and large ships, if properly managed, descend the falls without sustaining the least injury. The most interesting scenery along the Ohio is presented at this place. Beauty is here blended with deformity, and halcyon scenes connected with those more sublime and picturesque. The river above the falls is more than a mile wide, and presents a smooth unbroken surface. Here the eye of the traveller is delighted with the placid beauty of the stream, and the shores, which seem to shine inverted in the liquid mirror, while the ear is interested with the roar of waters and the hum and bustle of the adjacent towns; till the scene shifts and the eye is presented with the prospect of broken rocks, foaming waters, romantic islands and towns and villages on each side of the river. From this place to the ocean the navigation is unin-

terrupted. But the land bordering on the Ohio near its union with the Mississippi is low, level and subject to inundations, and presents a gloomy and uninteresting aspect. While I was at the mouth of the Ohio I wrote some poetic effusions which I have thought proper to introduce into this work.

From the shore where the waves of the Atlantic ocean
Roll slowly beneath the soft sea breezes sigh,
To the wilds of the west where floods are in motion,
I've wander'd o'er mountains majestic and high.

But here are no mountains romantic and airy,
Nor grove-crested hills to o'erlook the wide plains;
And the swamps all around me seem dismal and dreary,
And dark gloomy solitude silently reigns.

In a land wrapt in shade since the dawn of creation,
Where forests o'ershadow Columbia's wide breast;
Remote from the scenes that excite animation,
I mingle my notes with the gales of the west.

While I roam the lone shore which the dry trees encumber,
Where grape-vines and briars and green rushes grow,
My friends in yon vessel unconsciously slumber,
Where glides the Ohio, smooth, limpid and slow.

But yonder's a cottage surrounded with willows,
The seat of unpolish'd politeness and joy;
There cool zephyrs glide from the fresh water billows,
And those who are humble no cares can annoy.

Then let me be humble, nor ask for the glory
That title and grandeur to tyrants impart;
But feel some delight as I breathe out my story,
In fancy's effusions which flow from the heart.

As the beams of the sun, which is slowly descending,
Still linger with smiles on the regions above,
Recollection retraces the bliss once extending
Through youth's glowing visions of rapture and love.

But to yonder margin I quickly shall wander,
To see the rude torrents tumultuously flow;
O'er the deep Mississippi my muses shall ponder,
O'er waters which glide from white mountains of snow.

Like eternity's current of time swiftly rolling,
The stream of this monarch of rivers appears,
With the objects upon its rough surface unfolding,
Like men passing off in a torrent of years.

Dark waters here roll from majestic Missouri,
Cold tears that are shed from the regions of snow,
Like the tides of adversity mingling with sorrow,
To plunge all our joys in the ocean of woe.

But let not my mind be disturb'd with emotion,
I'll traverse the streams to the Mexican shore,
And solicit the winds, or the gods of the ocean,
To guide me to happier regions once more.

Note 8. Page 25.

While o'er the sovereign and the subject stream,
Majestic vessels glide propell'd by steam.

The introduction of steam boat navigation may be considered as an event of more importance and utility to the world than any other discovery or improvement of the present age. Its advantages will appear more conspicuous on the Mississippi, Ohio, and their tributary streams, than in any other part of the globe. The former tedious method of ascending those rivers in barges is now superseded by this invaluable invention, and the majestic car heavy laden with merchandise of every description, by the power of steam upon mechanical engines is driven through opposing currents with an astonishing rapidity, and without the aid of but very little human labour. Fuel, an article of considerable expense in Europe and some of the Atlantic states, may for ages yet to come be obtained on the western waters for a very trifling consideration.

Note 9. Page 26.

Bright cliffs of emerald, when the morning smiles,
Reflect the sun-beams o'er the shady wilds.

Some of the mountains of Louisiana upon the confines of New Mexico are said to have a glittering appearance, from the crystalline rocks they contain upon their summits. Hence they are known by the name of the shining mountains.

Note 10. Page 27.

From lofty mountains and surrounding hills,
In great abundance ooze the briny rills.

No country yet known abounds more with salt springs than that which circumscribes the head waters of the Washatau and Arkansas rivers in Louisiana. The waters of these springs are so highly impregnated with salt, that during a season of hot and dry weather large quantities of it are formed from the natural evaporation of the water, and of a fine and pure quality. From the abundance of those salt springs and rivulets, and from the quality of their waters, we may reasonably suppose that immense mines of sal gem, or in other words, large masses of common rock salt, lie in their vicinity. The report of the existence of a mountain of salt, or of immense masses of the same being found upon or near the surface of the earth, though treated with derision by many individuals in the United States, has been somewhat confirmed by specimens of rock salt having been brought into the western states by the

Indians, from the country inhabited by the Osage tribe. And when we consider that the waters of Red river, Arkansas and Washatau, after their receiving numerous streams of fresh water, are so highly impregnated with salt as to be unpalatable, we are at once led to the conclusion that the earth abounds with large masses of salt about their sources.

The kind and provident Author of all things, in providing for the comforts and convenience of man, has furnished every country, remote from the sea, with more or less of this article.

Note 11. Page 28.

While on each wide uncultivated plain,
High mounds of earth and battlements remain.

Various circumstances seem to show that America was inhabited in a remote period by a people not altogether ignorant of the mechanical arts and the proper means of agriculture. Utensils of husbandry and the ruins of ancient fortifications have been found in various parts of America several feet below the surface of the earth. But there is nothing left upon the imperishable records of ancient history to give data to the origin and progress of those people whose works abound in various parts of our country, and there are no circumstances to inform us when or by whom the country was inhabited by this branch of the human family who have given us so many specimens of their labour, skill and industry. But from the rise and declension of arts, science and civilization in other parts of the world, it

is not unreasonable to infer that the distant ancestors of the present tribes of Indians who inhabit the wilds of America might have been acquainted with many of the useful arts, and might have supported themselves by agricultural pursuits. The state of improvements in the Mexican and Peruvian empires, before they were laid waste by the ruthless hand of Spanish cruelty and oppression, seem to strengthen this supposition.

The most conspicuous works of antiquity I have met with in the western country, are near the mouth of the Muskingum river in the state of Ohio. They consist of artificial mounds and walls of earth. The principal wall is from six to ten feet in heighth and encloses an area of near forty acres. Near this is another wall which encompasses nearly twenty acres, and from their position and construction they seem as if they had been intended for opposing battlements to each other. In those walls are several avenues, where gates probably commanded the entrance into the fort. Within each of those inclosures are several artificial towers of earth, parapets and entrenchments. Similar works are met with in various parts of the country, but generally upon a less extensive scale. All however seem to exhibit more art, industry and design than any of the works of the present tribes of Indians. But like the pyramids of Egypt and other works of antiquity, we can only see them as the remaining monuments of ancient labour and industry, without knowing who projected or what people constructed them.

Note 12. Page 30.

As o'er the land gigantic Mammoths spread,
The trees were crush'd beneath their pond'rous tread.

I have drawn my observations respecting the Mammoth from a singular, though well known tradition of the Indians, which from the way it is given seems well calculated for poetic romance. While we are favoured with the natural history of nearly all the inferior animals, the bones of the Mammoth are the only evidences of its former existence, and from them alone can we calculate on what must have been its gigantic size. The skeleton of this animal is not unlike that of the Elephant, and the Mammoth might have been a large species of the same animal. At a place called Big-bone lick, in Kentucky, amongst an immense quantity of bones and skeletons of an enormous size, two horns or fenders were found, each sixteen feet in length and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. Some of the teeth or grinders taken from the jaw-bones were of ten pounds weight each; and other bones were equally large in proportion. Hence it must appear that animals once existed much larger than any known at the present day.

Note 13. Page 32.

Though here no rising mountain's sylvan crest,
O'erlooks the green prairies of the west.

The numerous meadows, or prairies west of the Mississippi, have a very romantic and pleasing appearance. In some directions the view is bounded only by the

horizon; in others by groves and groups of trees, appearing at a distance like the blue tops of islands rising from the ocean. The most extensive natural meadow or prairie in Louisiana is probably that of Opelousas; which is nearly one hundred miles in length, and in some places nearly thirty miles wide, and is supposed to contain more than one million of acres. This vast expanse presents an unbroken surface of the most luxuriant verdure. Here, as is the case in the other prairies, the prospect is enlivened by numerous herds of various animals strolling over a sea of vegetation. The vast prairies of this section of Louisiana between Red River and the Gulph of Mexico, are capable of supporting a greater number of domestic animals than would be sufficient to supply the demand of the whole population of the United States. The soil of this part of Louisiana, though inferior to that of the banks of the Mississippi, is very productive, and is adapted to the growth of almost every vegetable production that flourishes in a corresponding latitude, in any other part of the world. The country is generally salubrious. The principal settlements in this section of Louisiana are confined to the borders of the forests which cover the margins of the water courses, and form the boundaries of the different prairies. This country requires nothing but an additional population of industrious and enterprising inhabitants to make it the most desirable part of the United States. Its natural advantages are very great; they are however but little appreciated by its present inhabitants. The country presents many interesting and delightful scenes to the traveller. But

the people are such as are generally found on our western frontiers, retaining the depravity peculiar to a civilized state of society and participating with the aborigines in the enjoyment of their customs and habits. The following stanzas were written in a remote part of Opelousas.

Ye wide spreading plains most enchantingly fair,
Ever gay and bespangled with flow'rs;
Are all that I here can find pleasing or dear,
Save the wild blooming thickets and bow'rs.

Unsocial, and boorish, and rustic and rude,
Are the people who dwell in this land;
Without a desire for knowledge endow'd,
Or a wish that the mind should expand.

As through this lone region I pensively stray,
But transient my joy, or my home;
Like the wild warbling bird as it flies from the spray,
Through other wide regions to roam.

But Hope the enchantress spreads round me her smiles,
Which bright in futurity glow;
She pictures an Eden in wastes and in wilds,
And calms the emotions of woe.

With fanciful visions enlivens my breast,
My poetic reveries cheer;
As I roam o'er the gay rosy plains of the west,
Or wood-lands dark, dismal and drear.

But soon may I fix my abode in some place,
From the wilderness regions afar;
And 'mid the sweet joys of society pass
Through life's wav'ring ocean of care.

Then ever farewell to the wide spreading plains,
Savannas and forests and streams,
Where no lofty structures nor art-lifted fanes,
Enliven the halcyon scenes.

Note 14. Page 32.

O'er plains and groves by sea-born breezes warm'd,
And spreading land by Mississippi form'd,
I stretch my view.

A great part of the southern section of Louisiana appears to have been formed by the sediment of the Mississippi. This alluvion plain stretches along the Gulph of Mexico several hundred miles, and extends from one to two hundred miles from the sea, including those immense prairies of Atuckapau and Opelousas. But in taking a more general view of the alluvion country bordering the Mississippi, we find it, though of

a more limited breadth, extending from the sea to the Missouri. On the one side of the river we are presented with an almost interminable connection of lakes, swamps and water-courses; and on the other with narrow plains of delta detached from each other by hills of considerable elevation, whose western bases are the fragile barriers against the current of the river. From the appearance of the country there is some reason to suppose that a branch of the Gulph of Mexico at one time extended northwardly as far as the mouth of the Ohio. The vast quantity of marine shells found along the eastern border of the valley of the Mississippi, five hundred miles from the sea, afford additional grounds for the supposition. The earth seems to exhibit many evidences of countries having been formed where the sea once flowed, and branches of the sea extending where the earth was at one time inhabited and cultivated by the human family. Thus as the dominion of the ocean gains upon the land in one place, the empire of land makes encroachments on the ocean in another. Those encroachments of the land upon the sea are generally effected by the agency of rivers. A considerable extent of country formed by the sediment of the turbid waters of the Mississippi, has been protruded into the sea in the course of one century, during which time the river has often changed the place of its channel; and as it now seems to run through the middle of a very narrow peninsula, the highest elevation of which is directly upon its margin, it is not unlikely that it will in some future period find a nearer passage to the sea.

Note 15. Page 35.

A broad canal, at industry's command,
Lead the Atlantic through Panama's land.

Many countries have exhibited at one time nations renowned for their industry, enterprize and improvements, and at other periods they have been the abodes of people whose stupidity and debasement have almost deprived them of the dignified character of human beings. But it is not from physical but from moral causes, that the energies of a people are raised or depressed. The present inhabitants of Italy breathe as salubrious an atmosphere and subsist upon the same kind of food as their ancestors, who, at one period, by their valour and enterprize subjected numerous nations to the government of the Roman commonwealth. And nature is likewise as favourable in the distribution of her bounties to the present inhabitants of Spain, as she was when that nation had the ascendency in Europe, and her fleets rode triumphant over the bosom of the ocean. Formerly when the Spanish people were allowed to exercise their inherent rights, they were characterized as a people of energy and enterprize. But at present, while superstition, bigotry and oppression seem to prescribe the limits of the human mind in that country, the people are sunk into a kind of national lethargy, stupidity and religious barbarism. Spain has not only extended the empire of fanaticism over her ancient domain, but her distant territories have been long benighted by her political intolerance and monkish policy. Spanish America has for centuries bore the degrading imposi-

tions of the parent country. But a new political era begins to dawn over the southern continent of America. The human mind, actuated by the impulse of reason, begins to expand with sentiments of political freedom and religious toleration. A spark from the altar of liberty has kindled the flame of a revolutionary war, which must ultimately terminate in the independence of all Spanish America, and it is hoped that it will be followed by the introduction of a government modelled from the precepts of reason and calculated to encourage industry and enterprise. Then will the inhabitants of the southern continent, no longer under the depressing and debasing bondage of religious tyranny, open the vast resources of their country, and engage in the most stupendous projects of internal improvement of which their territories are so highly susceptible. And amongst other works, a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, connecting together the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, may be anticipated. The practicability of such a work is as obvious to the world as the immense importance and utility of such a communication.

Note 16. Page 42.

Where mingling throngs from distant realms reside,
Fair Alabama rolls its lucid tide.

The inhabitants forming the settlements on the Alabama river consist of people of almost every nation. The country holds out many inducements to emigrants, amongst which, climate, soil, and the advantages of navigation, are the primary objects. No country in the

United States has been settled with greater facility than that of Alabama. Towns and villages have risen up as if by enchantment, and in the course of one year large tracts of cultivated country have followed the receding forests. But it was hardly expected that our government would have held out greater encouragements for the emigration of foreigners to this country, than that of American citizens. A large portion of the finest land in the Alabama country has, however, been guaranteed to an association of Europeans, and the different instalments of payment extended beyond the usual periods, merely for their promise of cultivating the vine and olive. As the raising of cotton is more lucrative, it is not likely that those people will spend much labour in making either wine or oil. This country is highly favoured with navigable rivers, and admits of considerable internal improvements; and there is every reason to believe that a canal will in some future day connect the Tennessee river with the Tombigbee, when the surplus productions of a great part of the state of Tennessee and of particular sections of other states, will find a market at Mobile.

Note 17. Page 43.

High banks of strata, tow'ring o'er the flood,
Push to the clouds a cumb'rous growth of wood.

The eastern margin of the Mississippi between Baton Rouge and Natchez, exhibits some of the most interesting scenery of nature. The banks of the river are so steep in many places as to form an angle with the ho-

rizon of about seventy degrees. Upon those banks which overlook the great monarch of rivers, the eye is entertained with the most interesting prospects. In a western direction the view glides over the tops of trees, which seem to form a vast sylvan plain bounded only by the horizon, or the cerulean expanse of heaven, and finds no objects to rest on till it returns to the shores of the Mississippi. In an opposite direction the eye is likewise carried over an immense waste of wood, but which presents a different appearance as it rises from a country diversified with hills and valleys. In those elevated banks of the Mississippi where the earth has been precipitated into the river, large masses of red and yellow ochre of an excellent quality present themselves.

Note 18. Page 44.

To yonder mound which gives the grandest view,
Where once in air the Spanish banner flew.

On the highest elevation of the Bluff at Natchez are the ruins of a Spanish fort. This spot is somewhat interesting from its affording a fine prospect of the city and of the meanders of the river each way, and of the expansive forests of Louisiana. The position of the fort was well calculated to command the navigation of the Mississippi. But as the whole course of this river is now within the jurisdiction of one sovereignty, there will be no necessity for forts or garrisons above New-Orleans to protect our trade and commerce. From the constant encroachments the Mississippi is making on

the bank, it is probable that this last vestige of Spanish labour in this place will be mingled with the sediment of the river in some future day. But at present it seems calculated for a kind of observatory, from whence we may contemplate the grandeur and beauty of creation.

Note 19. Page 45.

To see the spot where pain and sickness cease,
Which Nature's children call the land of peace.

The Hot Springs in Louisiana, near the Washatau river, in latitude 34° 31′, may be numbered amongst the most interesting natural curiosities now known west of the Mississippi. The country in which they are situated is considerably diversified with hills, but presents in many places an uninteresting picture of sterility. The Indians consider it as the land of peace, and parties from tribes hostile to each other, meeting at the springs, lay aside the hatchet of war, and conclude an armistice which they sanction by the introduction of pipe and tobacco. The springs, in point of heat, are the hottest of any yet known, except those of Geyser, in Iceland; and have been considerably frequented by persons of bodily infirmities, who have in many cases experienced salutary effects by exposing themselves to their evaporation. The country in which they are situated is highly salubrious, and if there be no medical virtues in the springs, invalids from the settlements along the Mississippi may find considerable relief in visiting them, from the exercise of travelling and from the change of atmosphere.

Note 20. Page 48.

But soon those sable tribes will cease to roam,
Nor call th' expansive wilderness their own.

The origin of the aborigines of America has been the subject of numerous conjectures, and has given rise to a number of interesting disquisitions. But nothing satisfactory has been brought forward by the scrutinizing researches of historians respecting the primeval inhabitants of the western world. The most prevalent opinion is, that the American Indians are the descendants of the Tartars, who, in a remote period, found their way to this continent, by crossing Barker's straits, and that from them the whole country became peopled, from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. The Indians pretend to have some traditionary notions respecting the origin of Man. They believe that the red men were created in America by the great Spirit, as a superior order of all animated beings. When they are told that man was first created on a particular spot in Asia, and that the people emigrated, or were thrown by accident into America, they sometimes remark, that what the white men tell them may be true, but it appears as reasonable to them to believe, that man was first created in America, and that people should have gone from America to Asia to inhabit that country, as that they should have come from Asia to inhabit America. But as the most enquiring mind is unable to penetrate the veil of obscurity which hides the origin of this people, we can only view them as an interesting branch of the family of mankind, once the sovereigns of the soil of

this whole continent, yielding up their possessions to a more civilized and powerful population, and dwindling into annihilation. A few centuries more, and they will cease to exist. Their present situation is such as is calculated to awaken the sensibility of every philanthropist. From the purest motives of humanity many exertions have been made to reclaim them from a state of barbarism, by introducing amongst them the useful arts, and the habits of agricultural industry. But they do not seem calculated to flourish or prosper when exposed to the more luxurious enjoyments of civilized life.

I had a long conversation with an intelligent Chickasaw, who had acquired a very good knowledge of the English language from his numerous excursions through the state of Tennessee. After speaking of some recent settlements and improvements in the western country, he observed in substance as follows: I am now grown old, and in a few years shall be seen no more, and no one will mention my name. But I well recollect when I was small, and had never seen a white man, that I ran through the forest like a young deer, where another people have since made their fields and planted their corn. And when the white man's axe had never been struck against the trees of our forest, I have often slept upon the very spot where they have since built their houses which reach to the clouds. But soon shall we cease to kindle our fires in the wilderness, or sleep under the branches of our trees. The white men are becoming as numerous as the musquetoes on the banks of the Mississippi, and will yet stretch their set-

tlements over our possessions to the setting sun. They are building their towns all over our land, and the streets are full of children. We shall be like the wild buffaloes which once inhabited the plains of Kentucky, and are seen no more.

Note 21. Page 49.

In sultry climes, o'er wide luxuriant plains,
Desponding slav'ry drags its horrid chains.

If freedom and the unrestricted exercise of the inherent rights of man, be the most desirable of all earthly enjoyments, perpetual slavery, or a servitude enforced by the hand of tyranny and oppression, and limited only by the grave, is certainly the greatest curse, the greatest scourge, and the greatest calamity that can befall a human being. If all men be created equally free, and entitled by nature to equal privileges, it may be considered as an outrage on the attributes of Deity, for the people of one nation to invade the country of another, who are less powerful, that they may load their ships with the unoffending victims of their rapacity, and gratify their avarice in the traffic and sale of their fellow men. Every human being seems to have an attachment and predilection in a greater or less degree for his native country. Those who roam over the sandy deserts of Sahara, and exist beneath the debilitating heat of a vertical sun, like the inhabitants who dwell upon the frozen fields of Kamtschatka, think no country as desirable as their own. And those who would force any part of the human family from their native land, and

consign them and their posterity to the miseries of slavery in other parts of the globe, are the very outcasts of humanity, and should be treated as marauding barbarians, who have forfeited every claim to civilized society. To wrest the children from the arms of their parents, or parents from the cries and embraces of their children, without even a shadow of provocation, is an act of cruelty almost without a parallel. But it is a melancholy fact never to be effaced from our national annals, that men who have been reared in the cradle of American liberty, and have been taught the humane precepts of the Christian religion, have gone to the shores of Africa, and have prowled in the forests like wild panthers, to seize on the unsuspecting inhabitants —to prey upon the children, while at their juvenile sports, and surprize the parents while providing food for their offspring. That they have brought away cargoes of their living booty, and have found a market for the same, in our boasted land of liberty. But the first and radical cause of slavery in the southern section of the United States, originated with the people of another country. A nation that would make us believe that honour and philanthropy are identified with the British name, has been the parent cause of this existing evil: an evil which, contrary to the opinions of some people, is sincerely deplored by many of the southern slave holders; but an evil, for which there at present appears no effectual remedy. Much has been said on the subject of slavery in our country: a subject that has awakened the sensibility, and engaged the attention of every philanthropist. But notwithstanding the tyranny,

the cruelty, and brutal depravity of some of the southern slave holders, many misrepresentations relative to the state of slavery in the south, have been imposed on the public. Some people who view the subject of slavery in the southern states only on its worst side, seem to believe that every man who is the owner of slaves, is unfeeling and depraved, and that every slave is the miserable victim of cruel and merciless tyrants. Though a part of the black population be miserable in the extreme from the avarice and rapacity of their owners, yet by far the greatest portion of them enjoy all the common comforts and conveniences of life, except the deprivation of liberty, and many of them seem to experience more happiness than their masters. In the states of Tennessee and Kentucky, and in the western parts of the southern Atlantic states, but very few of the slaves would be willing to exchange their state of servitude for the enjoyment of uninterrupted freedom and independence in Sierra Leone.

Note 22. Page 56.

One direful hour,
Renew'd the gloom of centuries before.

In the colonizing of Louisiana by the French, very little hostility was experienced from the Indians. As the first settlers were chiefly from Canada, where they had been accustomed to a familiar intercourse with the aborigines, they were enabled to pursue a policy calcuted to insure peace and tranquillity. But in one in-

stance they had the presumption to forfeit the friendship of the Indians, by exacting from them an annual tribute. This unreasonable oppression ended in the extermination of a number of families, who were among the first settlers on the Mississippi, and who had located themselves where the town of Natchez now stands. One individual, however, escaped from the massacre by descending the river on the floating trunk of a tree.

Note 23. Page 57.

And here what soul-enliv'ning joy to meet,
The friendly tenant of a lone retreat.

In a remote and thinly inhabited country, where there are but few objects to please or interest the imagination except those which are to be seen in the display of nature's works, there is something peculiarly gratifying in meeting with an individual, who through the vicissitudes of fortune has been familiar with every state of society, and who feels disposed to entertain the stranger with narrations of past events, and former situations in life. Even the recital of misfortunes, while it produces a melancholy sympathy, seems to make the interview more interesting. The substance of the following stanzas, though presented in the fanciful language of poetry, is not altogether fabulous.

THE ASYLUM.

Remote in a rural, romantic retreat,
Resolv'd on retirement and rest;
Contentment set bounds for a while to my feet,
And calm'd all the cares of my breast.

A bank overshaded with branches of trees,
Which shone in a crystalline flood,
Afforded a scene for retirement and ease,
And offer'd a tranquil abode.

A cottage, though rudely constructed, appear'd
With peace and simplicity blest;
Enliven'd the scene, the lone valley cheer'd,
And seem'd the asylum of rest.

In vestures of virtue and beauty array'd,
A maid sat beneath the green bow'rs,
Which offer'd a shelter and also a shade,
Bespangled with wild blooming flow'rs.

Her voice was so sweet, so enchanting her smiles,
Her eyes beam'd such heavenly fire,
I felt the emotions of love for a while,
Enkindle the purest desire.

We talk'd of the wide-spreading plains of the west,
The mountains, the lakes and the streams;
'Till sleep unexpectedly sunk me to rest,
And fancy enliven'd my dreams.

But when I awoke from a tranquil repose,
Serene were the moments that flew;
By feasting on dreams I'd forgotten my woes,
And fancied each fiction was true.

I listen'd to hear this Enchantress relate,
Some things that sunk deep in my breast;
And wish'd her to tell me what merciless fate,
Had thrown her remote in the west.

In sorrowful accents she quickly reply'd,
"In silent seclusion I find,
Beyond the dominions of fashion and pride,
Relief and solace to my mind.

"My father remov'd from the banks of the Seine,
When Jacobin fury was high;
And found a retreat in the bosom of Spain,
Nor thought his destruction was nigh.

"'Till fiends of infernal delusion combin'd,
To clothe their religion in blood:—
In bigoted fury destroy'd human kind,
And said 'twas to glorify God.

"My father, alas! fell a prey to their rage,
In prison he breath'd his last breath;
Borne down with distress in the noon-tide of age,
To repose on the pillow of death.

"We left the religious assassins of Spain,
And sail'd for the sea-circled Isles,
In the western expanse of the tremulous main,
Where summer eternally smiles.

"We landed on Hayti; there fix'd our abode,
Attended with plenty and peace:
Remote from war's clangour, from carnage and blood,
Our comforts began to increase.

"But all our fair prospects of bliss were o'erclouded,
A merciless banditti rose;
My morning of life was then suddenly shrouded,
In horror's dark mantle of woes.

" We left our dear Island 'midst carnage and blood,
Which spread like the tornado's roar:
Winds wafted us over the waves of the flood,
To towns on the continent's shore.

" The face of Columbia we fondly explor'd,
And saw many mansions of bliss;
But nothing we found was design'd to afford
For us a retreat from distress.

" From Maine to Missouri, from thence to this land,
Where breathes the warm tropical gale,
We travell'd to see the wide regions expand,
Until we arriv'd in this vale,

" Where wild blooming blossoms spread round me their charms,
And minstrels enliven the bow'rs;
But here recollection rekindles alarms,
And preys on my lone pensive hours.

" Near where the Ohio rolls forth its fair flood,
We stopt at request of my mother;
But merciless savages thirsting for blood,
Took, tortur'd, and murder'd my brother."

Having spoke thus, a tear from her heart's sad emotion
Meander'd and fell on her breast;
Her eyes, tho' as bright as the pearl of the ocean,
Glanc'd round this Asylum of Rest.

Be consol'd, nor let sorrow encumber the heart,
I said to this angelic fair;
For anguish and sorrow their flame may impart,
And kindle your grief to despair.

When carnage encrimsons the earth's fairest shores,
Depriving the people of breath;
And vultures and wolves reap the harvest of wars,
Think not you're alone in distress.

Tho' desolate orphans may sigh to the winds,
That wafted the groans of their sires;
Believe that a merciful heav'n designs
Some future reward for their pray'rs.

When furious tempests tear up the wide ocean,
When whirlwinds and hurricanes rise,
And the elements rage in tumultuous commotion,
Think God is as good as he's wise.

Note 24. Page 60.

Where Nature's gifts with moral bounties join,
To make with comfort ev'ry cottage shine.

The political privileges, and the physical resources of the American republic, are such as to secure to the inhabitants a greater share of happiness than has ever been realized by any other people. Even the lonely cottages scattered along the confines of the western wilderness, are the abodes of comfort and independence; where a competence is the reward of industry, and is enjoyed without pride or ostentation. In no part of the world are the common comforts of life easier obtained than in those states bordering the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; here thousands who have emigrated from countries, where an imperious nobility and a privileged priesthood were allowed to snatch the bread from the mouths of the needy, can testify in some degree to the truth of the assertion. But it does not follow that people in every situation can benefit themselves by emigrating to the western country. Many individuals, in a kind of migratory enthusiasm, have reduced themselves from affluence to poverty, from comfort to misery, and have exchanged a state of civilization for the customs and habits of the barbarians of the forest. Others more tenacious of the enjoyments in a higher state of civilized society, after spending several years in the new settlements, have returned to the countries from whence they emigrated, with the most unfavourable accounts of the places they had visited. From local prejudices and disappointments, they have

represented the exhalations arising from the western rivers, and from the putrefaction of vegetable matter upon their borders, as a kind of pestilence like the poisonous effluvia from the Upas, imposing sickness and death upon all who come within its influence. The countries bordering the Mississippi below the mouth of the Ohio are, and ever will be unfavourable to health during a particular season of the year; but they are not more so than several sections of country in the Atlantic states.

In viewing the map of North America, it appears obvious that New Orleans, New York, and Montreal, will in future years become the most considerable cities on the continent. The first mentioned, from its superior internal resources, must become the greatest commercial emporium in the world. The day is not far distant, when many millions of inhabitants devoted to the pursuits of agriculture, arts, science and literature will be seated beyond the present limits of our western settlements. Then will the surplus productions of a country, the magnitude of which the imagination can only grasp with a wide expansion, concentrate to the Mississippi, and make it the most important channel of wealth and commerce on the globe. Then will innumerable towns and villages give an additional grandeur to the scenery upon the borders of this river.

Whatever may in future be the political state of things in this part of the world, it is almost certain that before many years, a civilized population will divest the land of its present attire, and stretch their settlements from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean;

and should no unforeseen events wreck the temple of our political liberty, the United States must present to future ages, the most stupendous combination of physical and political power ever yet known. It is a prevailing opinion with many, that nations, like individuals, advance from infancy to youth, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age; and when in the last mentioned stage of existence, infirmities and debility increase upon them, until they terminate in dissolution. But the Chinese Empire, which has for thousands of years survived the wreck of nations, and remains the same from age to age, shows in some degree the absurdity of the opinion. And although some radical evils identified with our political institutions may exist; and although there may be some individuals in our country, who would exchange their political inheritance for the smiles of tyrants, and prepare the yoke of despotism for posterity; yet the present prospects favour the belief, that our political confederation will remain with increasing strength and importance, for centuries yet to come, and that other nations amidst the chaos of revolutions will look upon our government as a model from which they may form, and regulate their own. And that our national confederation shall be perpetuated through future centuries, unshaken by the turmoils of faction; and that our political constellation of states, unclouded by national calamities, shall continue to shine with increasing lustre, as it receives the additional stars now rising from the western horizon, should be the anxious desire of every American.

What glowing prospects burst upon the mind,
When fancy flies beyond some future years,
And travels o'er Columbia's wide domains!
Those western tracts of wilderness and shade
Are seen no more: no savage haunts are found;
But cities, towns and hamlets, grace the land,
And gardens, orchards, fields and meadows glow
In rural charms. Where forests now abound,
From quarries unexplor'd shall structures rise,
And crowded porticoes be seen upon
Corinthian columns. O'er the rude mounds
Raised and constructed by barbarian hands,
Shall fanes appear; and sacred altars, throng'd
With pious supplicants, be seen; and music flow
In chiming anthems from the house of God.
On all those rivers of the western world
Which nought but Indians' fragile barks have borne,
Shall vessels of majestic form and size
Pass up and down; and scatter through the land
The choicest products of remoter climes.
Then shall Columbia spread her glory round,
Each distant land where'er her children roam,
And all the petty kingdoms of the earth,
With envious eyes shall see and own her pow'r.
Her ships of war shall thunder o'er the main,

And wave her star-bespangled banners round
Old Neptune's foaming realms; and show afar
What vast resources lie within the bounds
Of Freedom's empire; where from nature's hand
Rich bounties flow, and heaven benignly breathes
Unnumber'd blessings on the western world.

In turning our view from our own soil, and surveying the various countries and nations of mankind, we behold millions of the human race in political fetters; groaning beneath the iron sceptres of despotism, with the liberty of speech and inquiry confined within the narrow prescriptions of religious fanaticism, superstition, and folly; while other millions, destitute of the light of science and civilization, are doomed to traverse their arid hills and uncultivated plains, and receive their scanty support from the spontaneous productions of nature. But as our view returns to our country, how different is the scene! What interesting objects are placed within the boundaries of our land! Here we are presented with a system of government organized with the precepts of reason, and calculated to guard and defend the rights of man. Here truth and philosophy are left free to combat error and delusion; and no political nor ecclesiastical impositions obstruct the researches of the human mind. While we have been favoured with every political, civil, and religious enjoyment, plenty has been scattered through our country by the hand of industry, opulence has smiled in our cities, and commerce has glided from our shores over the bosom of every ocean.

But those days of commercial prosperity are past, and the present state of things demand a different kind of national policy. Nothing can establish our independence upon a firm and immoveable basis but the encouragement and promotion of manufactories in our own country, that our exports may in every respect counterbalance our imports.

During a succession of years that form an eventful era in the history of mankind, the American republic has been looked upon with jealousy and suspicion by the oppressors of Europe; and with partiality and esteem by many of the oppressed. The former, dreading the diffusion of American politics among the latter, and jealous of our rising power, have held out the most liberal encouragement to those of their adherents who were willing to engage in the business of abusing and calumniating the American character. With talents for falsehood and aspersion, the hireling advocates of monarchy have exhausted their ingenuity in traducing every thing connected with the government, people, and country of the United States. Many of them have traversed our continent, explored our resources, beheld our rising power, witnessed the genius and enterprize of our citizens, and experienced our hospitality. But our rapid progress in power and improvements only increased their malignity. They represented the inhabitants of the United States as a base and degenerated race of mortals, when compared with those of Europe. They represented us as destitute of patriotism, genius, enterprize, and political knowledge. And many of the worshippers of imperial and monarchical

governments, the dupes of hereditary oppression, placed the fullest confidence in the productions of those vile calumniators of America; and continued tenacious of their belief until the thunder of the American cannon upon their own shores convinced them of their delusion, and taught them to admire the valour and intrepidity of the subjects of the American republic. They believed us destitute of genius, until the inventions and discoveries of the Americans were introduced into every quarter of the globe, and admired for their utility. They believed us deficient in political knowledge and incapable of legislation and government, until the diffusion of politics from our republic caused the sceptres to tremble in the hands of the European monarchs, and convinced them that men can be subservient to the legal authorities of government, and yet be free.

The materials that form the great temple of American liberty are the productions of our own country, modelled by the hand of genius, and cemented by the patriotism of a people, who often differ in their sentiments respecting the policy of those who act in our legislative councils; but sufficient proofs have been offered to the world of their unanimity in guarding and defending the political structure.

From the love and devotedness to country, so conspicuous in the American people during their struggle for liberty and independence, when powerful fleets and armies were engaged in the works of carnage and devastation along their shores, and hosts of barbarians, with indiscriminate massacre, desolating their frontiers, we may naturally infer that they will continue to guard

their political privileges from foreign powers and domestic usurpation. But events of a more recent date than those of the revolution, in which American patriotism shone every where with peculiar brilliancy, lead us to a belief that our political system will be guarded as a sacred monument, and that posterity will never disgrace the ashes of their ancestors, by yielding up their national inheritance to the intrigues of ambition.

It may not be improper to introduce into this work a few poetical observations on some of the military operations in the western country during the late war, as the western states took such an active part in the contest, and as the people of those states have rendered the banks of the Mississippi more conspicuous to the world by the signal triumph of the American arms, at the Battle of New-Orleans.

A power which long had made the nations groan,
And ev'ry monarch tremble on his throne,
And heap'd abuses with a lawless hand
Upon the subjects of Columbia's land.
'Till justice claiming vengeance from the skies,
A war proclaims, and bids our legions rise.
Then round the land the fiery meteors flash,
Flame combats flame! and swords and sabres clash!
Ceres to Mars her choicest treasure yields,
And spreading tents o'ercloud the vacant fields.

Tempestuous war with clangour wild and rude,
Awakes the Indians from their solitude.
The savage tribes, rous'd from the western wilds
By British presents, and by British smiles,
Bound forth in fury from each dark abode,
To surfeit their desires in human blood.
From lake to lake, through regions dark and drear,
The war-whoop echoes, savage hosts appear;
With instruments of death from British lands,
By Britons forg'd, by them put in their hands;
They sally forth; kindle the torturing fire,
Where fathers, mothers, children, all expire.
Or to increase the horrors of the west,
Murder the infant on its mother's breast.
In dwellings scattered o'er our wide frontier,
The bloody knife, and flaming torch appear.
But lo! the nation's vengeance rous'd once more,
Hurls through the west the fiery flames of war,
Swift as the lightning or the thunder's sound,
The instruments of death are thrown around.
The slaughter'd tribes a horrid scene display,
And the wild beasts are surfeited with prey.

From western states the impatient legions rise,
And groves of muskets glitter to the skies;

To northern lands Bellona rolls her car,
And blows around the fiery flames of war;
Like concentrating clouds before the storm,
Brigades and regiments and battalions form,
To sweep Canadian plains 'mid frigid snows,
And wreak their vengeance on their northern foes.

Where Niagara's misty columns rise,
And give the rain-bow all its glowing dies;
Where o'er the rocks united torrents flow,
And fall tremendous in the gulph below;
And where the circling shores are crown'd with trees,
And sylvan isles adorn the inland seas,
In martial pride, Columbia's sons repair,
Amidst the dire calamities of war.
But like the waves by shifting breezes borne,
Squadrons arrive, advance, assail, return;
Few laurels won, or victories to claim,
Or deeds perform'd to signalize a name.
Proud chiefs return, to tell when danger's nigh,
They in their tents could drink their goblets dry.
Though they from Mars no war-won trophies bear,
Yet they with Bacchus other glories share.
In banquets, feasts and bowls of sparkling wine,
Their hopes are plac'd, there all their glories shine;

While widow's tears bedew each northern plain,
Where sleep in death, fathers and husbands slain.
But other chieftains nobler deeds can claim,
To grace the tablets of immortal fame;
Succeeding legions, like an angry flood,
Gain laurels as they cloud the fields of blood.

Along our coast resounding thunders roar,
And leaden tempests rage upon the shore;
Columbia's sons in desperation's ire,
O'erwhelm their foes in hurricanes of fire.
Our veteran seamen Neptune's trophies share,
And deal destruction when their foes appear.
Our valiant navy, eager to engage,
Manœuvres round, but holds its lightning's rage
'Till sure of execution; when it throws
The fiery torrents 'midst its haughty foes,
Confounds the Britons! shakes the welkin round!
And the sea monsters startle at the sound!

Britannia musters her gigantic pow'r,
And sends her fleets to Mississippi's shore,
Where her proud legions martial scenes display,
And through the fenny woodlands force their way.

Expecting spoils of conquest soon to gain,
Stretch their long columns over half the plain.

Columbia's genius sees the tempest low'r,
And calls her children to the scenes of war.
They hear the call; impatient to obey,
Unite in squadrons, and soon march away,
To meet their foes, with promptitude and zeal,
With show'rs of lead and points of glitt'ring steel.
Like two dark clouds, charged with electric fire,
The armies move with banners high in air.
As they approach, war's dreadful engines roar,
And streams of blood o'erflow the trembling shore.
Ten thousand vivid flames the welkin warm,
And clouds of smoke roll o'er the battle's storm;
The well-pois'd rifle and the cannon's breath,
Spread round destruction, carnage, wounds and death.
The Britons fall, they break, retreat and yield,
With heaps of slain, the blood-encrimson'd field;
Retire with wounded pride and broken bones,
And fill the air with sighs and sullen groans.
While in dismay their wounded Lion roars,
From laurel groves Columbia's Eagle soars—
Waving serenely o'er the scenes of war,
Our star-bespangl'd banner in the air.

But peace returns; war's thunders all expire,
And British legions from our land retire;
Long to remember, and with grief deplore
Their laurels lost on Mississippi's shore.

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